

"Honey,
I think
I'm

GOLDEN
HOMO!



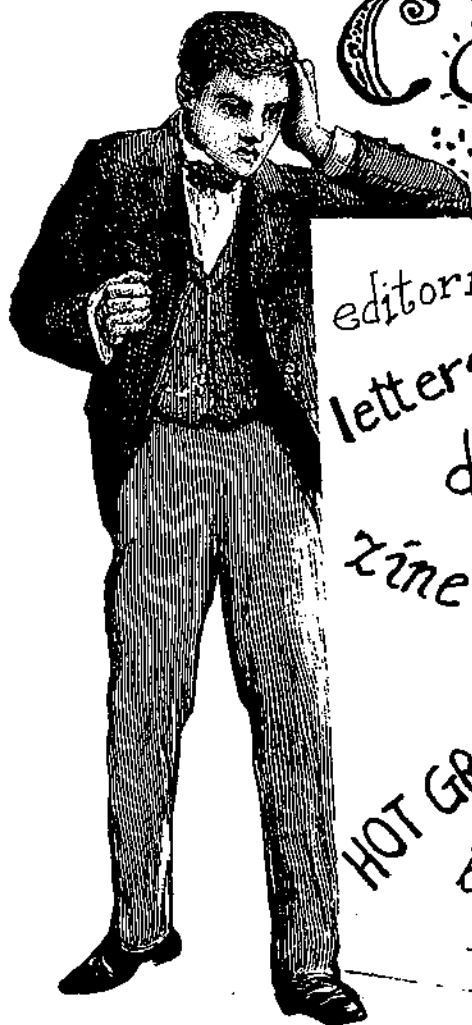
ISSUE
No 2



OCTOBER
1993

"A homo zine
for queer
fellows"

Free!



Contents

editorial spew
letters
dirty stories
zine reviews
HOT GRAFIX
Queers in music
back page
buttboy

page 4 dude
defensive walking
'Q' is
for
Queer

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Yo, homos! : Just because yr stuff is found in this rag, don't mean yr queer (but you should be so lucky!). Opinions expressed in **Going Homo** do not necessarily reflect that of the publishers (yours truly). Sexual, artistic, or literary references to males refer to males who are over the age of 18. **Going Homo** is put out whenever I get enough fun stuff sent in by YOU, the homo masses yearning to be queer. All submissions become property of **Going Homo**.

"Pancakes are just an excuse to eat the syrup." -Fred

Editorial SPGW

Ah! the start of another school year and the heavenly bodies are back to grace the U of A campus. Lately my head is on a swivel to catch glimpses of the precious faces and the well toned muscles of the U of A male student body. And since we are located in a desert, the warm



weather will last for months into the school year, for maximum flesh exposure.

As a new zinester my heart

still pounds as I check my p. o. box to see if any goodies have been sent my way. I am happy to report that most times I am not disappointed, which is evident in the pages that follow. It seems **Going Homo** can inspire people to get angry and write stuff and send it here. I would still

like to see more grafix and visual stuff being sent in. Most of the artwork in this issue (and the previous one) is by yours truly. So sharpen those pencils and get out your pens and send me hot stuff to put in the next issue!

I have made contact with more experienced zine-people and sent them copies of my humble effort. I must thank Steve Bones, editor of **Dry Pockets** (see zine review section) for all his kindness, generosity and encouragement. Buy his zine, and tell him Stephen sent you.

Now that school is in session, this little desert town is virtually tumescent with talented homos, so I hope that I will be receiving a lot more input into this zine. Be as outrageous, thoughtful, provocative, enraged or excited as only you know how to be. As always, the address to send stuff to is:

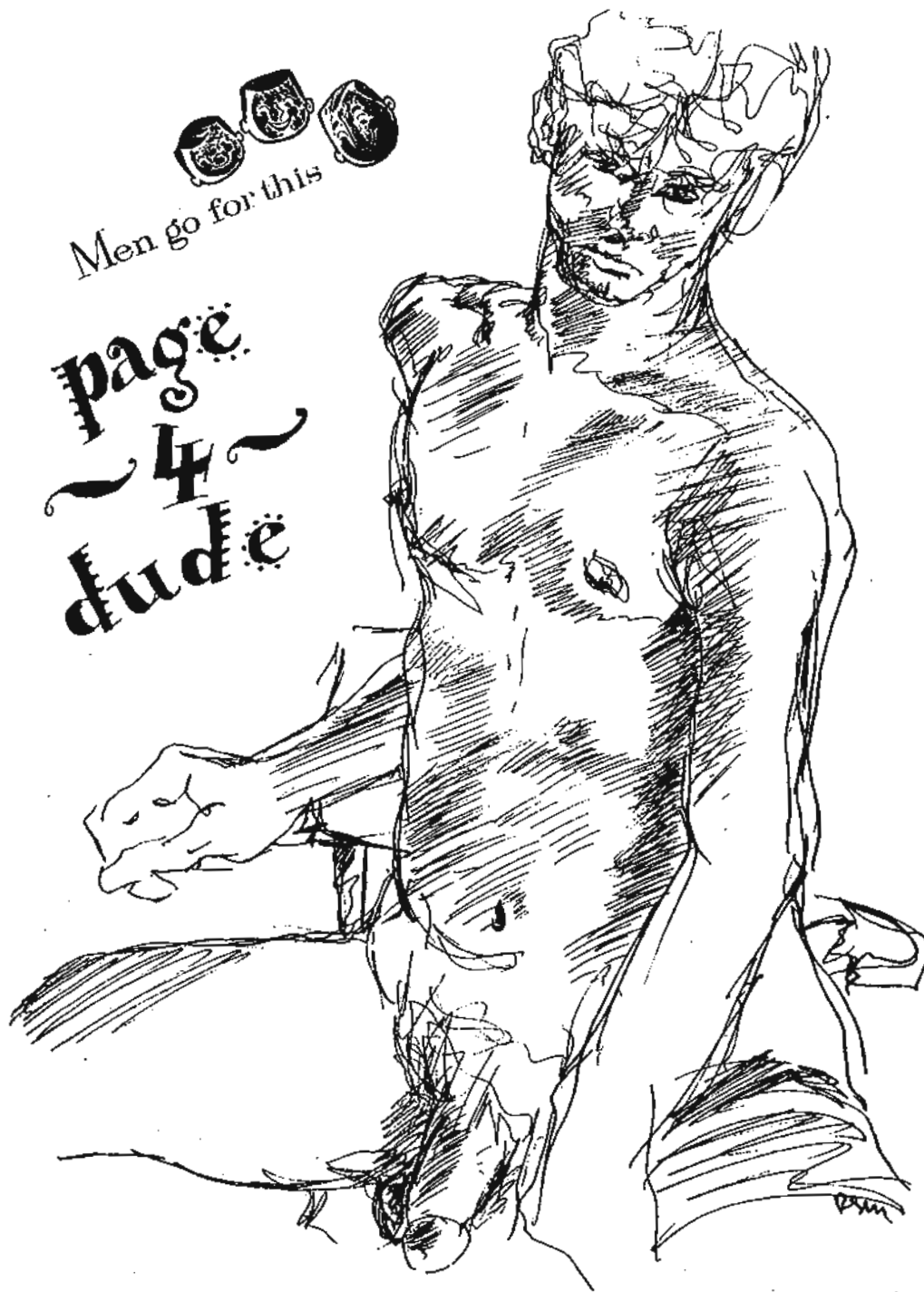
**Stephen Dedalus/G.H.
P. O. Box 3403
Tucson, AZ 85722**

Queerly yours,

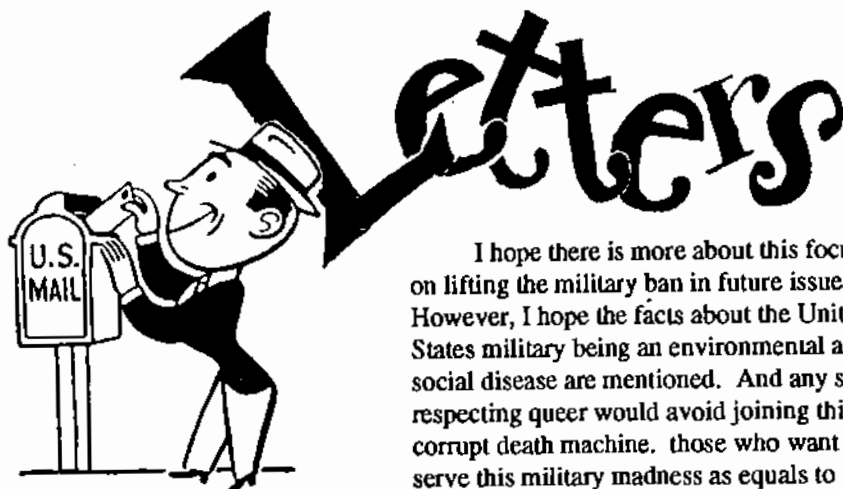
Stephen Dedalus

Men go for this

page
~4~
dude



Thanks to Ron for this issue's 'page 4 dude'!



Send letters and comments to:
Stephen Dedalus/G. H.
P. O. Box 3403
Tucson, AZ 85722



Thanks for the queer zine. For a while there I was sure every gay man in town had received his implant from St. Francis of the foot and mouth disease. Or had succumbed to becoming one of the obedient vassals of the Lambda Old Pueblo Observer chieftains.

But, alas, there are others who question the mainstream religions and political organizations' basic homophobic and heterosexist policies. And Going Homo is a great commentary on those organizations. I look forward to reading and contributing to future issues.

All I have at the moment is this flyer I picked up at Wingspan which portrayed our military as victims. I fixed it. I hope you like it. Please print it.

I hope there is more about this focus on lifting the military ban in future issues. However, I hope the facts about the United States military being an environmental and social disease are mentioned. And any self-respecting queer would avoid joining this corrupt death machine. Those who want to serve this military madness as equals to their hetero-soldiers are insane and have co-opted the voice of the queer community for too long.

Ban the Military.

Yours truly

James Jazmyn

[See James Jazmyn's doctored flyer on page 6, and read his great mega-rant on page 21-SD]



Stephen-

I just grabbed an issue of your *Going Homo* I saw at Wingspan. I laughed my ass off. Like you I'm sick of being mister nice guy queer. I appreciated the anger/humor raw edge quality of your work. It took effort and guts and bucks *[NOT!-SD]* and you did it without help. I admire that.

I'm an artist and have been doing some in-your-face work. Check out a new 8'x8' painting I just hung in the 4th Ave Social Club. It has to do with the "passion" of Christ (and I don't mean his suffering and death).

Respectfully,
 Greg Schoon



They Could Die For Liberty

They Don't Even Have!

original flyer



They Could Kill For Liberty

They Don't Even Have!

james jazmyn's doctored version

Dear Stephen:

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE? Seriously,--my discovery of **Going Homo** yesterday (only the day before I'd been to Wingspan, which is where a friend of mine saw it) nearly made me jump out of my skin! After working on **New Uranian** for two and a half years and failing to enlighten people in Tucson about the zine scene, I'd reluctantly concluded that if there were any hip queers in this neck of the woods they were hiding under rocks. And then you came along with **Going Homo**! It's got that "homocore" look and feel I've striven for but lacked the graphics, temperament and youth you seem to have in spades. Son of a bitch!

Surely you realize I wouldn't be all hot'n'bothered about this if I thought G.H. was crap. It is as if someone knew all the right buttons to push and then pushed them all at once. YIPES!

Of course, I'll have to review G.H. in the upcoming issue of **New Uranian**... and please feel free to do the same with mine in yours. Zine, that is.

Sincerely,

James Uhrig
New Uranian
P. O. Box 42933
Tucson, AZ 85733

[James Uhrig is editor of **New Uranian**, a zine with a more literary bent (poetry, and all that). Haven't heard from James in a while, and he promises a new issue. Is this town big enough for two queerzines? Stay tuned, queer readers...-SD]

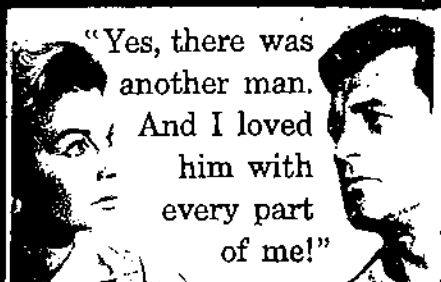


Don't wonder
Don't worry...



Come
Out!

ROCK
HUDSON



"Yes, there was
another man.
And I loved
him with
every part
of me!"



a dirty story

The first time that I ever attempted to jerk off was in the seventh grade after hearing the term "masturbation" in two sex education classes and reading it in a few of those sundry puberty books that are laying in the sale bin at Target all the time. From these sources I learned that masturbating is usually "a person's first sexual experience" so I decided to get the first one out of the way early and save the rest of my already waning years for a multitude of sexual conquests. I'll tell you here and now that masturbating does not get the proverbial ball rolling when it comes to sex. *Trust me.*

I laid down on my bed and began to fondle and soon came to a full ninety-degree pickle. However, I had no knowledge of the ol' stroke method, so I just kept on fondling due to the fact that it was the thing that got me the woody in the first place and I figured it best to stick with the tried and true. It sure felt good, but something was definitely wrong.

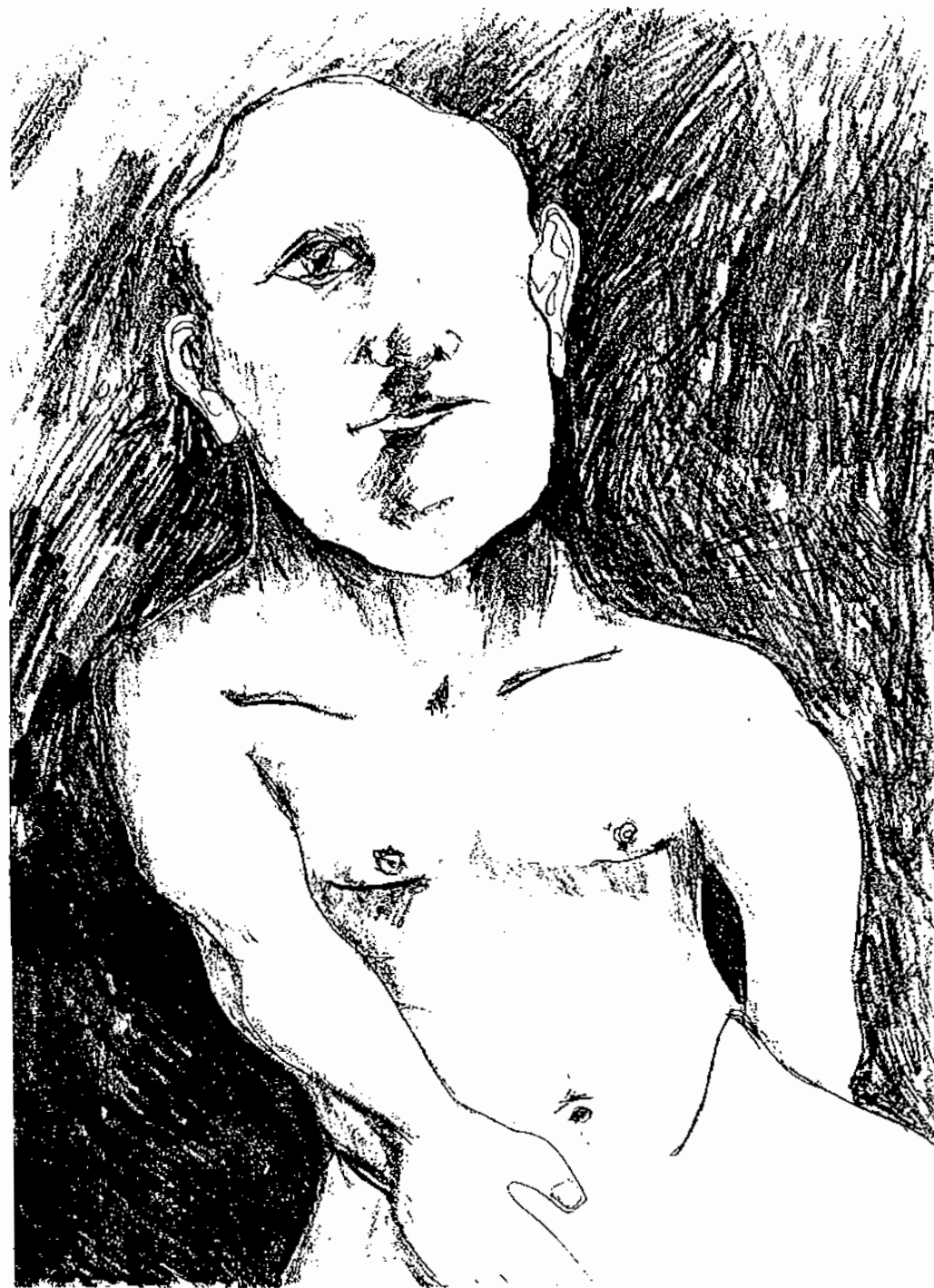
After about fifteen minutes I came to the (logical?) conclusion that I wasn't going to cum unless I forced it. I closed my eyes, gritted my teeth, and began to push. It was liquid, it was warm, it was... YELLOW. Not only had I failed to reach orgasm, but in attempting to do so I had pissed all over my stomach and my sheets. I got up, finished my piss in the proper plumbing facilities, and didn't snap my carrot again for two years.

[The above story appeared in the (straight) zine Roessiger, #3. (reprinted without permission) Not to be outdone, the following is a little story of our own about the first attempts at "snapping the carrot". Enjoy.-SD]

I was 12 or 13 yrs old when I started having wet-dreams. I'd wake up with gunk in my underwear and on the sheets and prayed my mother wouldn't mention anything (she never did). Although wet-dreams were enjoyable (at least during the dream), I had wanted to experience the pleasure while I was conscious. Only problem was, how to achieve the rapturous event when I wasn't asleep. I'd lie in bed, semi-conscious, semi-erect, hoping the feeling would come upon me, but never did.

I soon realized I would have to take things into my own hands-quite literally. I'd prod and pump but the plumbing was a little rusty, and nothing would spurt out until later when I was fast asleep.

One night, I was determined to experience an ejaculation. I snuck out of my bedroom when everyone was asleep and headed to the bathroom. I sat on the john and proceeded to whack off in earnest. Nothing. Then my eyes alighted on the sink and saw.....YES! Handlotion! I scooped up a handful and applied it to my dick and pumped away. Like magic my pulse started to increase and a new feeling of heightened sensitivity spread through my body. Within minutes my toes curled and my body convulsed and huge spurts of cum covered the floor and the bathtub. Needless to say I was hooked, and afterwards, whenever I smelled that handlotion, I blushed and smiled.



'Cyclopse'



I love summer nights in this city, they're perfect. It feels great to stride down the street and be at the level where people, places and things are happening. The glance of a passing man, picking up his scent. The moon rolling by clouds, a young woman cat-calling from her four-wheeler "shake your fine ass." All sorts of scenes you can't have in a vehicle. Many ways to misbehave. Not all are pleasant and this needs to [be] addressed. What I say next is non-sequitur, so bare with me. Aren't you sick of the sympathetic portrayals of queers in the media always getting beat-up by fag-bashers. I mean the gay guy always gets beat on and ten minutes later sympathetic heteros come around to comfort him and it is "Oh, so sensitively portrayed". I hate that bullshit. We need to fight back. On the TV and in real life. So I would like to pass on some tips for night walkers.

1. If your going to be hiking around town get a nice comfortable pair of steel-toed boots. I got red-wings, they are made to last (7+ years so far-I had them re-soled

once) and comfortable as hell. They're a little heavy but that can come in handy when you need to kick someone good and hard. Go for the shin or what ever you feel comfortable with. If they fall down you can opt for kicking them in the head, it may be a very appropriate thing to do. With steel-toes your chances of busting their skull open increases greatly, so ask yourself if grey matter on your foot is going to gross you out. If it does don't splatter their brains out, kick them in the ribs instead-they'll live, but you made them cry. I also own a pair of steel-toed sneakers I got at Sears for \$45.00 and they're great for dancing as well as for defense. You can use them in a last ditch effort to save your ass if you would rather take flight instead of fight, this may also be a very appropriate action to consider. I personally feel I have the right to walk down any street I want, and visit any establishment I care to without habitually backing down when trouble arrives.

2. I also keep a pair of leather gloves on me (usually in my back -pocket). They make it that more interesting when you go into a club or cafe as well as add wallop to your punch. Who wants to damage a pinkie or break a nail slamming some asshole's face, not this queen. I also use them for camping and in the yard. They're a nice

(continued on page 23)



“ Q ”

is for Queer

One has only to look at the modern gay movement to see that there has been a significant change in how we call ourselves. Much to the mainstream's bewilderment and anger, more and more of us are calling ourselves by names that were once derogatory and demeaning: **queer, homos, fag and dyke** are used as much (if not more) than gay and lesbian. Discussions of social constructionism and semantics aside, here are some thoughts on the word **queer** as appellation of choice:

▼ the younger generation generally will use the term **queer** either because it's cool or to piss off the complacent/sex negative, older more established **gays**

▼ **Queer** is thought to be more inclusive, covering gay men, lesbians, bisexuals, TVs, TSs and even some straights on the sexual fringe



▼ Like the word **nigger** that is used among blacks, **queer** is generally accepted among gays, but would be seen as hostile if used by straights. The word can be an effective exclusionary tool ("We can call ourselves queer, but you straights *can't*")

▼ Some gays like to use traditionally derogatory terms like **queer fag** and **homo** to disarm the power of the term, or to turn the term around into a positive label (this is similar to the using of the pink triangle, a symbol our oppressors used on us, as a symbol we use to identify ourselves and our movement. (For an interesting analysis of the pink triangle as gay symbol, see **How do I look,?: queer film + video**, Seattle: BAY PRESS 1991))

Words are powerful tools for both liberation and oppression. the fact that we chose to call ourselves gays has a power that cannot be ignored. The question of "What do we call ourselves" means we see each other as a community, and not just a set of individuals with a certain sexual preference. Many other groups go through several names at each stage of development reflecting the growth in identity and self-

respect, such as **colored** to **Negro** to **black** to **African -American**. Other groups throw off the name assigned to them by others in favor of the name they call themselves, such as **O'odham** instead of **Papago**, or **Dine** instead of **Návaro**.

I see the use of the word **queer** as a reaction to the sex-negative attitude in the post-AIDS society (queer is a very sexual word) and employed to cut through the established mainstream gay world. I see the use of queer in neither a positive nor a negative light; I see it as an important step in the development of ourselves as a community.



(continued from page 17)

royal family (Andy is from the UK). **Psycho queers** is a zine-let about a killing spree done by two disaffected, unemployed queers; they pick off a politician, a police officer, an upper class queer, a closet queer, and finally, they set their gaze on the Queen herself. **Freaky queer** is a zine that includes an interview with Alice Nuttall of Chumbawamba (Alice is definitely making the rounds of queerzines lately!), a complaint about the queer pub scene, attitudes about bisexuality, some books and zine reviews, queer love potions, a John Waters filmography, a lament about the scorn heaped upon the effeminate queer, an article on transvestitism, and more. Finally, **Queer tales** are eight stories including sex in a church, ice cream sex, and a radio play about spanking. Write to Andy G., P. O. Box 612, Cardiff, Wales, CF2 4XS, UK. I think all three are \$1.00 and some IRCs (International Reply Coupon). Be generous.

**Our Future
is Queer**

Don't go
CRAZY...



Deciding!
Send stuff
to:

Stephen
Dedalus/G.H.
P.O. Box 3403
Tucson, AZ
85722



photo by Darren Clark —*—

Z i n e ▼ r e v i e w



As I have stated elsewhere, the goal for my zine is to add to the growing number of alternative outlets for queer creativity. Not only do we increase our visibility but we also provide variety to the sanitized portrayal of gays in "mainstream" media, both straight and gay.

What follows are reviews of some zines that I've sent away for. If you do a zine, send me a copy, please! I will probably review it in a future issue.

{queerzine
n. a sexy, sub-
versive and
explicit publica-
tion devoted to
enlarging and
examining our
culture assump-
tions}

Dry Pocket #1-\$1.00-Steve Bones does this zine. He is a very sweet, generous guy who has given me a lot of support. Dry Pocket features a story of an interesting first sexual experience, some surrealistic stories, a Baby Sue comic, some infringements of free speech by the Free Speech Legal Defense Fund, some hints on self-defense, some neat-o grafix, and one of the hottest gay sex stories I have ever read! Write to: Steve Bones, POB 8039, Richmond, IN 47375-8039 (Say hi! from me).

Holy Titclamps #12-\$3.00-One of the more established queerzines, Larry-bob also publishes Queerzine Explosion an updated list of queerzine reviews (see below). This issue of HT includes an article on a recent trip to a SF sex club, comix, poetry, a funky inter-species sex story, funny TV "listings", a piss-story involving an elected official, a great article called "Cultural Subversion" about access to power and the small press, an article on PC in the zine scene, and lots more. Write to Larry-

bob, Box 591275, SF, CA 94159-1275

Queerzine Explosion- Larry-Bob's review of queerzines sent to him (yes, GH is in the latest issue). For a copy send two 29cent stamps to Larry-Bob (see above for address)

Outpunk/Fembot #2-\$2.00-This is a split zine: read the Outpunk side, then, flip it over and read the Fembot side. Matt does Outpunk, which includes articles on intergenerational love, an interview with Craig of "God is my Co-pilot, an interview with Alice Nutter of Chumbawamba, a list of bands with some queer members (re-printed here on page 19) and other fun tidbits. Fembot has a page on fembot Vatican fashion, Mr. Rogers "new"(queer) neighborhood, music reviews, a fembot "diet" column, and other assorted grrrl goodies. Highly recommended. Write to: Outpunk, P. O. Box 170501, SF, CA 94117

Psycho Queers, Freaky Queers, Queer Tales- Andy G. does all of these strange yet fascinating zines and stories, full of anger at the rich yuppie gays and the
(continued on page 14)



[Nothing new to report to you on in the music scene, so far, since other things have been occupying my mind lately. If you have info on queers in music, send it in. Reviews of albums and shows are gladly received. The following is a reprint from OUTPUNK/FEMBOT split zine (see zine review section) that lists bands some of whose members are queer.]

queers

In

music



The following bands/groups have at least one out queer person in their ranks. I do this so that you can see that punk is perhaps the queerest subculture that exists. You can go into practically any record store in the country and buy a record with queers on it. You just might not know it. I would never name anyone who was not already out (unless they're a hypocrite), but if I did, I'd fill several pages! And no, Ian MacKaye of Fugazi ain't queer - hate to break it to you all.

Bands:

- Bomb
- Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet
- Kicking Giant
- Thalia Zedek (of Come and Live Skull)
- Bikini Kill
- Chumbawamba
- Robert Lopez (aka El Vez, also of the Zeros)
- The Gr'ups
- Spokepoker
- Malibu Barbi
- King Missile
- God is My Co-Pilot
- Thinking Fellers Union Local 282
- Sugar
- Black Angel's Death Song
- Fagbasb
- Homos With Attitude

-Hyperdrive Kittens

- The AG's
- Bad Hair Day
- Jolt
- Dum Girl
- more more more

Record Labels:

- Singles Only Label
- Kirbdog
- Vandal Children
- Turkeybaster Records
- Vermin Scum



**Turkey Baster
Records & Distribution**

**A new D.I.Y. Label
Bands: send demos.**

**6403 Johnny Morris #12
Austin, Texas 78724**



jazmyh's RANT

The KKKristian Broadcasting Network recently portrayed white christian heterosexuals as an oppressed group in the series entitled Culture Wars. They blame the "politically correct agenda" of racial and sexual minorities for their oppression. They portray the white christian as being threatened by the mighty forces of the politically correct. In the course of doing this they hide the fact that white christian heterosexism is hardly rare and that the white christian agenda threatens, harms and kills anyone that disagrees with it. So this is my response to all the fascists in Tucson who just love to have their little minds stroked by the lies of the Family Channel.

Shoddy journalism is the reporting of statistics which have not met any standards of scientific research. In order to have an accurate statistics which reflects the element of society you're trying to determine, then the questions MUST be asked to a large and diverse group of people. These questions must be asked in a way so they do not lead the person into an answer. An example is someone may ask, "Do you believe that babies still in the womb deserve to die?" If the answer is, "No, of course not!" then you can NOT determine that the person is

against abortion. The question was not asked in a way that allowed for the person to make an intelligent answer. And if you ask a group of white christians who are gathered outside of a church in a white christian suburb if they are homosexual and you find that only 2% say they are then this is not an accurate depiction of the ENTIRE population. If you then report these inaccurate statistics as fact, you are involved in spreading lies...shoddy journalism.

The entire presentation of your white christian programs is based on these lies. Now, I'm not at all surprised that you believe these statistics and do not question what is being fed to you. The thought that a white christian fascist fails to think deeply is hardly surprising. In fact, one could almost define your mentality as an inability to dialogue with other people in a thoughtful and intelligent way. However, I'm concerned about this presentation that you are somehow being oppressed by political correctness. It's like saying, "My rights are being abused because you're asking me to think before I make a racist, sexist or homophobic statement." This is absurd. The idea that you have to hide your racist, sexist and homophobic ideas from society is hardly a bad thing. The idea that you must now hide behind locked doors and speak your racist, sexist and homophobic ideas is not

cause for you to feel oppressed. It is cause for you to think that perhaps those statements do a great amount of damage to society and hurt innocent people. Your rights are not being abused. You are being pressured about your abuse of other people and their rights. Now try and think about this as difficult as thinking may be for you. You call someone a bad name and tell them you're going to kill them because they are a woman, or because they are not white folk, or because they love someone who is not someone you like. YOU SAY REALLY BAD THINGS LIKE, "DIE FAG, DIE BITCH, DIE NIGGER !!!" And then they get together and decide to tell you to shut up and leave them alone. This is not an abuse of your rights. This is a warning to you that you better stop being so hateful, because if you don't you will be punished. This is a reminder to you that you better clean up your own house before you start telling other people how to clean theirs.

And the idea of white christian heterosexuals feeling they have somehow been cheated is nonsense. The fact remains that white christian fascism remains a powerful force of hatred and oppression in this country and around the world. It is my deepest hope that you may someday be suppressed to the point of having to hide, much like women, racial minorities, and lesbian and gays have had to do since your reign of terror began. Until that time we will fight you culturally and every other way we can. You are a selfish and ignorant group of people whose only interest

is money and power. I hardly think that you are unaware of the lies you tell but tell them because these lies fuel your selfish needs.

But your days are numbered. As the population continues to grow at a rate of 250,000 people a day it is becoming clear that heterosexist propaganda is bad for the environment. As more and more people find it impossible to live the white christian lie it is becoming clear that a new philosophy is necessary. As we watch white christian institutions being caught up in scandal and crime we begin to see the lies uncovered. And as humans who desire love and unity we shun the hatred and deviousness of the white christian agenda.

Your days are numbered. You can not promote the murder of doctors and the loss of life to women as a reason to save the lives of unborn children without your lie being seen for what it is. You promote unborn life as a value and make no attempt to mention the children who are born into poverty, abuse, and no hope for the future. (As in that christian country Brazil where children are being machine-gunned down on the streets as an attempt to help businesses because the children are seen as an eyesore and a nuisance... where are the white christian news reporters on this story?)

You can not use false information to oppress a group as large and as politically active as lesbians and gays without your lies being ridiculed and corrected. You cannot preach God's love and turn your back on the racial hatred that exists amongst the leaders of your groups without your lies being despised and fought against.



(continued from page 11)

pale-yellow-tan color and sexy to boot. In the winter I wear them with wool inserts and they are the best for comfort, warmth and security.

In our overtly violent heterosexist society it makes sense to dress defensively, from both physiological and psychological standpoints. People are obviously not gonna fuck with someone who looks like he can give more than they can take. Don't believe the hype, bashers are cowards-you can kick their ass. Get mad, get creative, fight for your right to be. The cops ain't gonna do it, the politicians ain't about to lift a finger to help and god don't work that way. That leaves you and your wits as well as your assailant(s). Visualize their brain on your boot and their blood on the sidewalk and **just do it!**

Your days are numbered and we will have a revolution against your lies once and for all. Civilization is against you. The time has come for your oppression to stop.

By using the dialogue of culture we can defeat you and allow ourselves to breathe free once and for all. You have developed a society where your ideas are defended by the largest and most destructive military force. How dare you accuse anyone of cultural warfare after you have bankrupted this country and destroyed the lives of so many with your military madness.

It will be a great day of freedom when you are gone. I work daily to see that it will be so.

Don't go away mad, don't go away sad, **JUST GO AWAY!**

Truly,

Jazmyn



back page butt boy

Next
issue:
queer guide
to Tucson,
more
hot
grafix,...

send stuff
to:
Stephen
Dedalus/G.H.
P.O.B. 3403
Tucson,
AZ
85722

and
lots of
other
Queerness!

